12/6/92

Dear Mr. Keck,

The overwhelming majority of mail I receive from strangers is ignored. Most of it is from zealots wishing to save my soul or from would-be authors interested in writing my "story". Every now and again a letter arrives from a source nearer than Saturn. A few of those are answered... mostly against my better judgment.

While I appreciate your very nice letter, circumstances preclude more than this acknowledgment. It is true I'm able to call out of Marion. In fact I'm allowed three 15-minute phone calls each month, only to numbers approved by my keepers. I am also permitted five visits each month. Only my wife, children and grandchildren have been approved as visitors.

In reference to those most noteworthy events in Dallas during the early afternoon of November 22, 1963, my ignorance is profound. It is a tragedy without solution... ever. I base that opinion on the controversy yet swirling around other famous cases, e.g. Lincoln's assassination. Perhaps there is something in our collective national psyche causing us to thrive on such speculation. If so, we're wired.

Due to my daily schedule there simply isn't any time for more correspondence. It is totally incomprehensible to me how anyone could be even remotely curious about my life. I can tell you, however, almost everything I've seen in print thus far is pure fiction. The media are wont to publish anything they're told without any concern whatever for truth. They are far more interested in deadlines than in verification of their sources, much less the tales they peddle.

Thank you for your interest, Mr. Keck. I'm sorry I cannot be of greater help in your quest.

Yours truly,
Charles V. Harrelson

Harrelson